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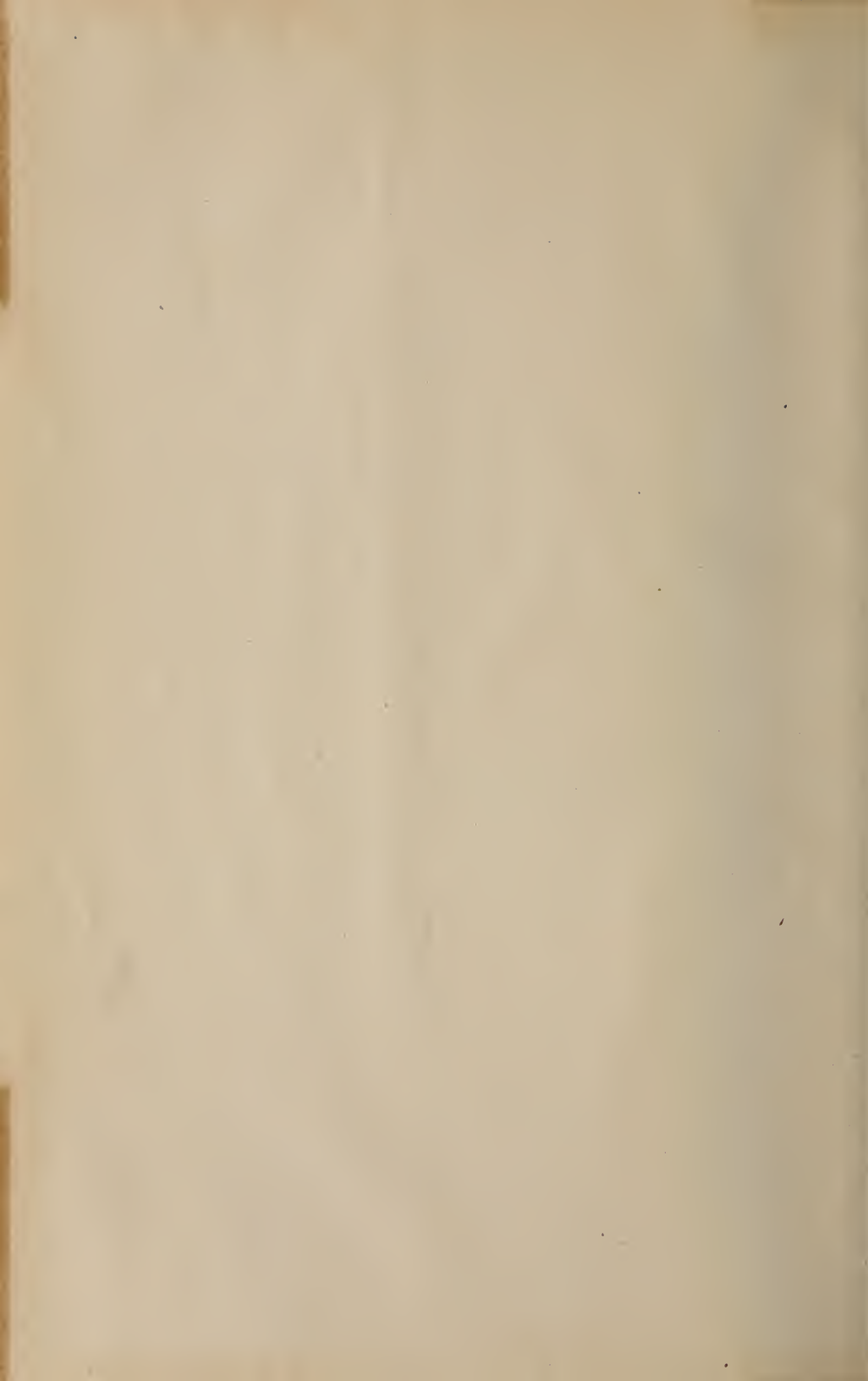
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FROM THE
PIT TO THE PULPIT;
OR,
A SOT AT SIXTEEN.



BY VIVIAN A. DAKE.

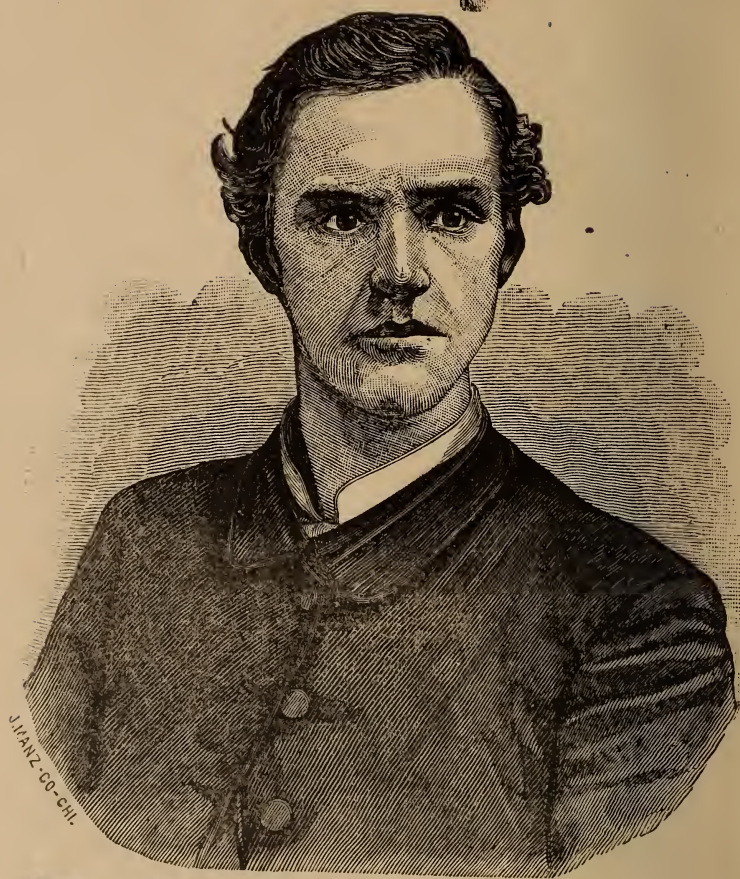
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Phil. C. Haug

FROM THE

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OR,

A SOT AT SIXTEEN.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF PHIL. C. HANNA.

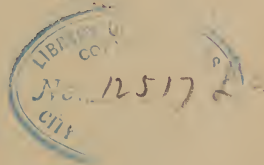
BY

VIVIAN A. DAKE.

FOR YOUNG MEN, ABOUT A YOUNG MAN, BY A YOUNG MAN.

'He brought me up also out of an horrible pit.'—*Psalm xl., 2.*

CHICAGO, ILL. 
BAKER & ARNOLD.
1880.



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PREFACE.

The following pages are written for the benefit of young men. The terrible tide of sin which is daily hurrying them to destruction needs to be stemmed. Books are constantly published calculated to lower the morals of the young and ruin them, while those of the opposite tendency are like travelers on the "narrow way"—few. Should these lines aid in rescuing one young man from hell, the work of the author will have been amply rewarded.

VIVIAN A. DAKE.

Waterloo, Iowa.

NOTE

The thanks of the author are hereby tendered to Rev. M. L. Vorheis and Rev. P. C. Burhans, for aid in collecting a part of the subject matter of this volume.

V. A. D.

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CHAPTER I.

THE PRAIRIE HOME.

Waterloo is a thriving city of about 8,000 inhabitants, situated near the junction of Black Hawk Creek with Red Cedar River. Less than sixty years ago its site and the surrounding country was a pathless wilderness. Where now the scream of the locomotive, the hammer of the artisan and the hum of industry are heard, naught then broke the silence save the war-whoop of the Indian, the rumble of the cataract, or the wild yell of the panther. Where now convenient dwellings, fine church buildings and huge brick blocks greet the eye, then the smoke from a single rude log cabin was the only index of civilized life.



The occupants of this humble "Pioneer Home" were Geo. W. and Mary Hanna, parents of the subject of our narrative, who,

in the summer of 1844 left their home in Southern Illinois, and, having traversed the vast prairie stretching between, took up a large claim of land, and became the first white settlers of Black Hawk County, Iowa. Near this place (December, 1879), they still reside, "old and full of years."

At the time of which we write, the country was very thinly settled. It was thirty miles to the nearest white settlement, and to the nearest postoffice and blacksmith shop thirty miles farther. These would now be considered very discouraging circumstances, but in addition to the rugged constitution of Western pioneers, they had a large stock of natural courage, and they were determined to go through.

The second winter spent in their new home was one of unusual severity. The snow fell to a great depth and remained all winter. It was so extremely cold that for a long time they could not reach the mill, and were obliged to live on pounded corn. During the winter Indians frequented their cabin, begging for something to eat. Among these was Chief Big Way, the brother of the celebrated

BLACK HAWK.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanna treated them kindly, giving them food, thus gaining their friendship. No depredations were committed by them in all their intercourse with the family.

"*There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.*"—Psalms xci., 10.

CHAPTER II.

DANGERS OF PIONEER LIFE.

Mr. Hanna and family, although exposed to all the dangers incident to pioneer life, yet by the blessing of God, always escaped material injury. One very fruitful source of danger was from the prairie fires. In the fall of the year the tall prairie grass was dry as tinder; then the ashes from the pipe of some hunter or trapper, or the remains of the emigrant's fire, would kindle into life, and away before the wind it would rush, on its errand of destruction. The swiftest beasts of the prairie, stifled by the clouds of smoke, became its easy prey. Woe to the man who should cross its track. The only safety was by kindling a "back-fire," which would meet the coming flames until they would interlock their fiery arms like giants in battle. One morning in the fall, soon after their arrival at their new home, the fire was seen coming in the direction of their cabin. They rushed out on the prairie and kindled a "back-fire," but not being used to such an undertaking, the fire got away from them, and swept toward the house and their store of winter hay. The men ran to save their hay, leaving Mrs. H. to take care of the house. Although she had never seen fire whipped out, she seized some brush, ran down the path, whipping out the fire at every stroke, and saved the house.

We have already stated that the Indians never committed depredations in their visits to this family; but on one occasion, when Mr. Hanna was away, two Indians came and ordered Mrs. H. to get them something to eat. Not obtaining what they desired, they tried to frighten her by

POINTING THEIR GUNS AT HER.

But she was not to be frightened so easily. Taking down the

rifle, she said, "*Puck-ha-chee-cow-eeen*"—that is, "Leave in a hurry, you mean Indians." They then quietly left, saying that she was a "*Nish-a-shure*," or "good squaw."



On another occasion Mrs. H. started to a neighbor's house on horseback. As the wind blew coldly across the prairie, she took a by-path through the woods. All at once her horse stopped, pricked up his ears, and began to snort. Looking ahead she saw a

LARGE PANTHER

lying in the edge of the thicket, with his paws in the path. As their eyes met, he seemed as much surprised as she. Giving the reins to her horse, she dashed to one side and went on her way. When she arrived at the neighbor's and told her adventure, they were very much surprised that she should come on after meeting a *panther*.

During the severe winter of 1845, the brother of Mrs. H. started from near the present site of Cedar Rapids, expecting to reach the "Prairie Home" before night. But an "Iowa blizzard" set in so furiously, that night found him miles away. His oxen also tired out, so that he could go no farther. The wolves

had scented his track and were howling around him. To add to the darkness of his situation, he had

BUT ONE MATCH,

and on this his safety depended. With care he prepared for his fire, and struck his match, and, to his joy, was successful. All night he kept up the fire, as well to keep from freezing as to drive away the hungry wolves, whose blazing eyes shone amid the darkness. The next day, worn out with fatigue, danger and hunger, having had nothing to eat for more than twenty-four hours, he reached the cabin.

The same spirit of courage so evident in the parents was possessed by the children. When John, the oldest son, was eight years of age, he had an old gun-barrel, with which he used to go hunting. He had two dogs, which always followed him when he would shoulder his gun-barrel for a hunt. One day while in the woods with his dogs, he saw a large

WILD-CAT,

and determined to kill it. He set his dogs on, which immediately treed it. This fearless child then climbed the tree, shook the wild-cat from the limb to the ground, and jumping down, took his gun-barrel, and helped the dogs to kill it. When he came up to the house with the wild-cat on his shoulder, it was so large that it dragged on the ground behind him. When asked if he was not afraid to go up into the tree, he said: "The wild-cat growled and showed his teeth, but I wasn't going to be backed out by him." Other incidents might be told, but these will suffice to show the "perils of border life."

"*The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.*"—Psalms xxxiv., 7.

CHAPTER III.

LENT TO THE LORD.

Phil. C. Hanna was born June 27, 1857. His parents were Methodists, who, filled with a spirit of consecration, early lent this child to God "for the defense of the Gospel." His mother says, "I gave Philip to the Lord when he was born, and felt then that God accepted the gift; and through all his waywardness, when my heart was wrung with sorrow, my faith never wavered." When but a few days old, an aged "mother in Israel" came to see him, and under the inspiration of the Spirit—like Anna, the prophetess, in the temple—"gave thanks likewise to God," saying: "This boy shall yet preach the Gospel, I feel it in my soul." It is a signal failure when Christian parents fail heartily to give their children to God. Many men eminent for holiness, were thus consecrated in childhood. Who has not read of God's special watch-care over the consecrated Wesley—snatching him from the burning flames that he might "spread

SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS

over the lands."

Thus did God watch over this boy. One day, when about two years and a half old, Judge Couch, who was building a bridge across the Cedar River, found him far out on the stringers, where it seemed a miracle that he was not dashed to pieces. At other times God showed forth his preserving care. Having thus entirely resigned him to God, his parents were not surprised when he began to play preach, and he soon became generally known as the "preacher of the family." A chair for a pulpit, the other children for an audience, the text generally from the "forty 'leventh chapter of Jerusalem," his favorite hymns, "John Brown's Body" and "Dixie Land," and the burden of his message,

"The copperheads will have the hottest corner in hell." But the most important part of the meeting was the collection, which he never failed to take. Like many modern preachers, it was the money he wanted.

When about four years old, he asked his Uncle Philip, who was making a visit to Mr. Hanna's, to show him how to preach. His uncle was an itinerant minister.

The first day he went to school he got the children around him and preached to them. When he came home he told his parents: "When I get to be a man the school-ma'am is going to come to hear me preach with her spectacles on." And such has been the case.

It can be seen from these items how this one idea had taken possession of his young soul. In after years, when he had resolved upon a life of ambition and devotion to self, this thought, "I must preach," drove him from one degree of wickedness to another. He resolutely hardened his heart, saying that he would not preach if he went to hell for the refusal. But though he fought his convictions of duty for years, yet this boy, "lent to the Lord" in childhood, now stands upon the "walls of Zion," saying to the young men of our land, lost as he was:

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."—John i., 36.

CHAPTER IV.

LAW INSTEAD OF GOSPEL.

The great effort of the enemy of souls is to lead from the path of duty. We have seen that God had sealed Phil. in childhood for the work of the ministry, and already the enemy had begun to steel his heart against his convictions. Not by leading him at once to the saloon or card table, but by showing him the glory of the world, and promising him riches and fame if he would but worship him.

The seductive bait was in the debating clubs, which at that time were very fashionable in that part of the country. They were composed of young men of twenty years of age and upwards, and although Phil. was yet in his teens, he became an acceptable member. The debates were upon "questions of the day," and often drew large audiences. Sometimes one of these societies would challenge another to debate on some important question. If accepted, the challenged party would repair to their opponents' debating rooms, a judge would be chosen, and amid much excitement, the debate would ensue. In these "challenge debates" Phil. took a prominent part, and generally succeeded in convulsing the audience by his odd thoughts and forcible way of speaking.

One of the most interesting exercises of these clubs was

"THE MOCK COURT."

They would have a judge, who was generally a retired lawyer; a jury, who were sworn to find a verdict of guilty in every case; a sheriff and deputy, who were armed with revolvers; constables; a clerk of court; indeed every officer necessary to the establishment of a court. Phil. was elected prosecuting attorney, and so well did he manage his cases that he was continued in that office.

It was here particularly that his peculiarities of mind and eccentricity of ways attracted the attention of the people. They declared he would some day make a successful attorney; thus helping the enemy in turning his mind from the ways of the Lord.

One of these trials in particular created much excitement. It was the case of "The State vs. Billy." A young man known as "Billy" had been living upon the charity of the people for a long time. The boys were tired of him, and determined to get rid of him at the first opportunity. They did not have long to wait. One Sabbath morning this young man asked one of the boys to lend him some money. The boy answered, "Certainly, certainly, I shall be glad to accommodate you," and putting his hand into his pocket as if to get it, said, "I declare, I have no change with me, but I will give you an order on one of the boys who owes me, if that will do." Billy said, "That will do." So the boy wrote the following order:

Mr. John G.:

Pay to the bearer, "Billy," five dollars in cats, dead dogs and old rags, and charge to my account.

Tom.

As Billy could neither read nor write, he took the order to the one addressed, who readily saw through the scheme, and sent him to another boy who owed him; and so they kept Billy running from boy to boy to get that five dollars. Phil. now thought he had a good subject for a trial. After all was ready, the sheriff and his assistant were sent to arrest Billy. Supposing them to be officers of the law, he followed them to the "mock court" room. The charge was then read, which was "forgery, Sabbath-breaking, and other crimes."

During the progress of the trial the prosecuting attorney said that he had heard the report that the prisoner had about him concealed weapons, and that he had said that he would kill some of his enemies should he be convicted. The defense denied it, whereupon a search was instituted, which brought to light a

LOADED REVOLVER,

which had been secretly slipped into Billy's pocket by the pros-

ecution. This created great excitement, and in a few moments the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and the judge condemned him to be hung by the neck until he was "dead, dead, dead." The court permitted him to give bail for his appearance the next morning at 9 o'clock, which was the hour fixed for the execution. The boy who went his bail advised him to leave, saying that he had sooner pay the bail than have him hung; so Billy took the advice and left.

These and other cases made Phil. ambitious, and he determined to be a lawyer; "For then," said he, "I shall not have to preach." But when the excitement of these scenes was over, in spite of a determination to follow a profession contrary to his convictions, the Spirit of God still wrote "his work" so deeply on his heart that he would tremble. Should any one say anything to him about preaching, he would become greatly enraged. Then followed persistent efforts to banish all serious thoughts from his mind, and make his own damnation sure.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Proverbs xiv., 12.

CHAPTER V.

DOCTOR OF PROFANITY.

Of all modes of sinning, swearing is the hardest work for the poorest pay. The thief, murderer and drunkard have an end to gain, vile though it be; but the swearer mouths over, idly and maliciously, the name of the great God for mere pastime. He gains neither money, a good name, nor friends. No sin is more common, none more damning.

As Phil. had determined to harden his heart, he early took advantage of this great weapon of sin. The first oath caused him much trouble. He thought he could see glaring eyes of fire in the darkness, and thought it was Satan come to drag him away. This he thought was childish, and he swore more to get rid of these feelings, until he could use the most terrible oaths without fear.

While yet young in sin, his ungodly companions gave him the title of "Doctor of Profanity." He would continue one of his terrible strains of cursing until old gray-headed sinners would beg him to stop, saying: "Young H., I never saw such a case as you; you are God-forsaken and hell-possessed."

When alone he would call God insulting names, and accuse him of injustice and meanness. He seemed to take a delight in the fact that he could thus destroy all fear of God and his judgments. But in thunder storms he was especially profane, and would dare God, if he could be so mean, and stoop so low, to strike him with his fire-works, closing with a terrible oath. He would call himself Jesus Christ, and go through the most disgusting performances. He took great delight in manufacturing new oaths, and would then repeat them to his ungodly associates.

"His mercy endureth forever," was the only reason that this

terrible blasphemy did not bring down fierce wrath upon him. But God saw the desperate effort to thus harden his heart and to escape

THE CROSS,

and "in wrath remembered mercy."

Afterward, although saved himself from this sin, the world would have been cheerfully given to have called back the influence of those "evil words."

Young men, stop swearing. It is an insult to God and man. You insult God, and thus man's best friend. You gain nothing and lose all. I beseech you to stop before the wrath of God is poured out upon your guilty heads, for

"The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."—Ex. xx., 7.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE DOWN GRADE.

The evil associates that Phil. chose helped him on rapidly in the way to ruin. They were the worst young men in the country. They were from five to ten years older than himself, and were well versed in all the ways of sin. His constant companion was a burly, muscular fighter, the terror of the country, by the name of Mc——. He had become very fond of Phil., and would allow no one to injure him; would fight for him at a moment's notice. Under his influence Phil. was led deeper into sin. Their pastimes consisted of dancing, swearing, larking, Sunday horse-racing, and card-playing, while their habits were in correspondence. They smoked and chewed tobacco, and occasionally drank. He was warned, all to no purpose. If he became a Christian, it was "preach," so he plunged recklessly downward.

One Sabbath afternoon Phil., Mc——, and another young man, were out on a stroll. When they came to a turn in the creek, they saw about seventy young men and boys bathing. Phil. said, "Boys, they have no business in there, so near the road; let's stone them." So they began to shower the stones in among them. Out they came, and at it they went, and bloody noses and black eyes finished up the strife. What a scene for God's holy day! this boy, "lent to the Lord," in a bloody row, while perhaps at that very moment, in her secret place, his mother pleaded with God for his salvation.

In searching for sport, the camp meetings were grand places for H—— and his companions. To be sure, they cared but little for the services, but while others were worshipping God, they were rummaging the dinner baskets. They would not take all that there was in a basket, but would select choice portions—a

chicken here, a pie there, a cake yonder—and then would retire to the woods and have a merry time devouring their stolen booty. This done, then for the smaller species of mischief and disturbance, until late at night. If any one approached him on the subject of his soul at these places, he delighted in turning it off in a fine joke. At one time a young preacher came up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said,

“YOUNG MAN,
the devil has a hold on you.” “Yes,” answered Phil., “I know it; I feel his hand on my shoulder now.” At this sally his companions laughed in glee, while the preacher left him, doubtless thinking that the enemy had full possession of him, and naught could save him from ruin.

“*Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*”—Ecc. xi., 9.



CHAPTER VII.

“WHO COMES NOW?”

Falsehood is always a sure accompaniment of crime. One sin conceals another. The man who steals, drinks, or injures his neighbor, must lie to cover it up. Thus it was with Phil, and the step from lying to conceal his wrong-doing, to lying for sport, was but short. He would sit and spin out a yarn to a great length, while his companions would listen in wonder, not knowing whether to believe him or not.

Of course these stories were interspersed with ribald jests and fearful strains of profanity, which he knew too well how to use. At one time, when among the boys, he began a marvelous story. His comrades listened quietly until he was through, when one of them said, “That reminds me of a

DREAM

that I had last night. I dreamed that I went to hell. When I arrived at the door, it was opened, and I was in the presence of the Devil. He sat in an arm-chair, with his feet upon the table; by his side stood a jug of rum. He had a paper in his hand, and was reading of the last day's conflict with truth, and its result. All about him were little devils, who were running here and there, obeying orders. I went all around the regions, and then came back to the first room. Every little while some one would come to hell, and be sent to his abode. All at once there was a terrible racket outside, and one of the devils flew to the door and opened it quickly. The Devil jumped to his feet, laid the paper down, and asked, ‘Who comes now?’ The little devil replied, ‘Phil. Hanna.’ ‘Well, well,’ said the Devil, ‘tell him to come right in and take the chair. I always said that when a *bigger liar* than myself came to this place I would

resign my position to him ;' and suiting the action to the word, he seated Phil. in the chair. When I awoke, it was a dream."

During the winter of 1874, there was a great deal of talk about haunted houses. One house in particular, some five miles from Waterloo, was the subject of much gossip. There were stories of strange lights in the windows, of horrible screams and groans from the cellar, of doors slamming, etc. One story was of a woman who was said to have been seen coming from the house with a sword of flaming fire in her right hand, while with her left she grasped a small child by the hair of his head. Phil. and his companions decided to investigate this house, and if there was not a haunt, to make one. They invited a number of young men to go with them, and one fine moonlight night started with a four-horse team for the "haunted house." Soon the place was reached, and they proceeded to the house. They went inside, and as nothing appeared, the fearful became bold. They went up stairs, and finding nothing there, searched through the house to the cellar, when a terrible sight met their gaze; blood on the walls, and in the center of the cellar a new made grave. Phil. made up his mind to know what was in the grave, and took up a board and began to dig. While he was digging, doleful cries came from the garret. Scream after scream, and shriek after shriek, burst upon the ears of the affrighted boys. Still Phil. dug away. Soon some old bones were taken out, and in the bottom of the hole was found a nest of walnuts. By some means the lights were put out and the doors slammed shut. Some of the boys were terribly scared, and they all rushed to the barn. While standing there, talking, a figure approached and entered the house. Some of the boys cried out, "The haunt, the haunt," and rushed after it. The others followed, fearing to be left alone. They again searched the house, but found nothing. Some of the frightened ones were just starting down stairs, when a tick filled with straw came tumbling from the garret's "scuttle hole" upon their heads. Without stopping to see what it was, or whence it came, they cleared the stairs at a bound, and were soon away from the house.

Great was the excitement, and many the stories. The truth was, that one of the boys in the secret was a natural ventriloquist, and he was the author of the screams and groans. The figure was a boy playing a part, who ran into the house and hid in the garret. I have related this anecdote to show Phil's deceptive nature, and also to show the way that these stories of "haunted houses" turn out. In this case the property was a very fine one, and the voices and sights were gotten up by some one who desired to buy a cheap farm. Thus have we traced briefly another of the means used by the enemy to harden Phil. and make sure of his ruin.

"As a madman who casteth fire-brands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbor and saith, Am not I in sport?"—Prov. xxvi., 18, 19.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SOT AT SIXTEEN.

When about fifteen years of age Phil. began to drink. What feelings of conviction he could not banish by swearing, he thought to destroy by whisky. He was not a moderate drinker long, but went at it desperately, caring not if he became a sot, if only all thoughts of duty and

ETERNITY

could be driven away.

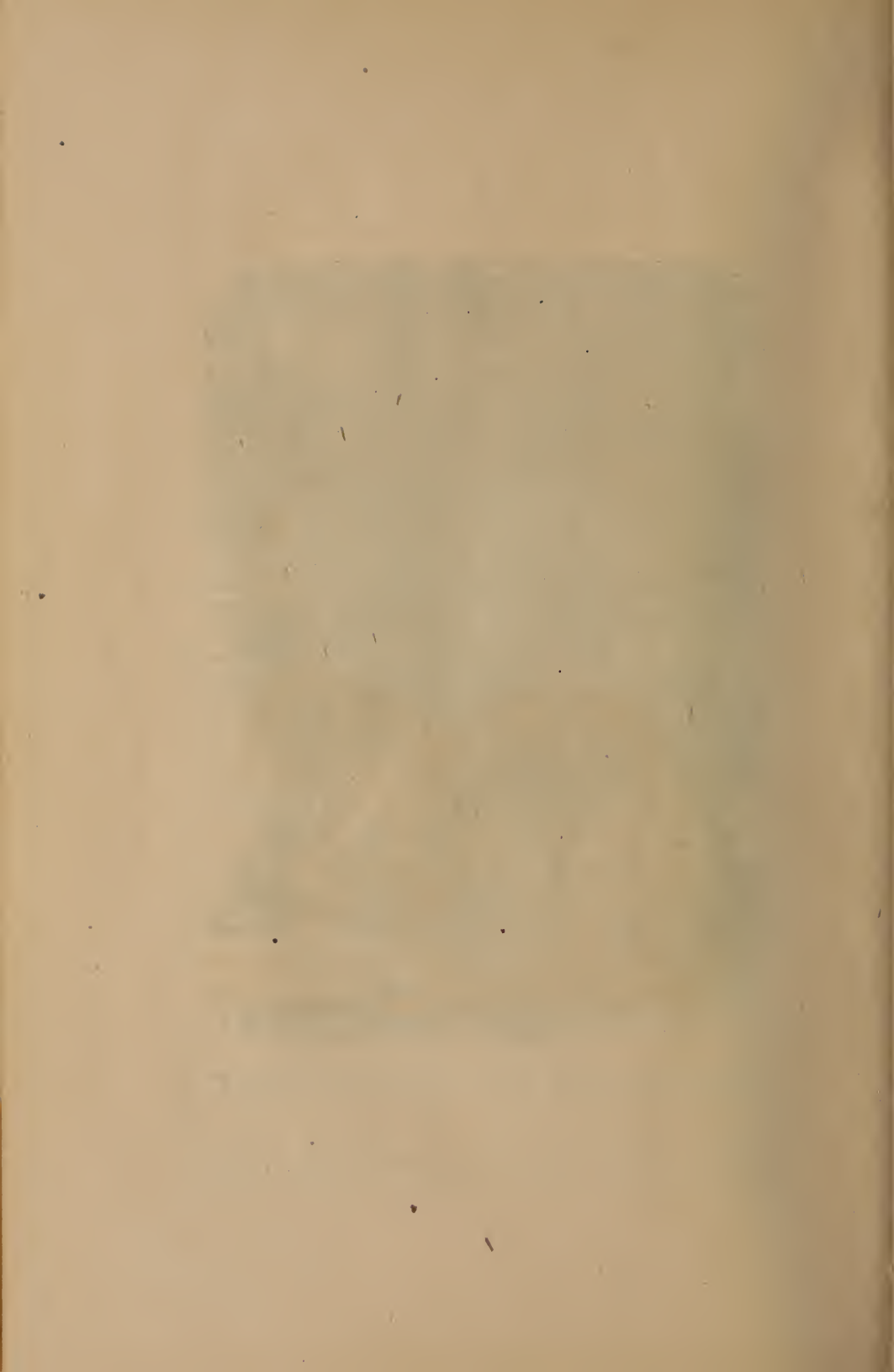
He seemed to omit boyhood, leaping from childhood into the association of the most depraved. Naturally his heart was tender; this must be overcome; the only way was to sin with all his might. He sinned with such a desperate determination that in a very short time he was changed from an innocent boy to a wretched sot.

During the summer season he would invite a number of the boys to the woods, where he would bring a keg of beer, into which he would generally put whisky, and he would deal it out until himself and all the boys were drunk. Then came angry words, and their meetings would often break up in a fight. Indeed, he has lain in the woods alone for hours at a time, dead drunk.

At one time, while in the woods, he came across a party of intoxicated foreigners. He was filled with liquor himself, and concluding that they needed the gospel, he climbed upon a stump and began to preach to them, concluding with the assertion that he was Jesus Christ. Drinking and carousing was now the order of the day. He attended many "brewery dances," often being in great danger. At times the different nationalities would become involved in a fight, when knives and revolvers were



"Indeed, he has lain in the woods alone for hours at a time, dead drunk." (See page 26)



freely used, and some seriously injured. He spent whole nights gambling and drinking, in the worst saloons in the country, and when he would get drunk his profanity and insults to God were so terrible that the old "sots" would tremble for fear that God would strike him dead. To see a beardless boy of sixteen filled with liquor, defying God, and connecting the name of Jesus Christ with the most trivial and disgraceful subjects, was enough "to make the cheek of darkness pale."

"Look not upon the wine when it is red. . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. xxiii., 31, 32.



CHAPTER IX.

"I'M SHOT, I'M SHOT!"

The "belling parties," as they were called in the West, were things of great enjoyment to Phil. and his comrades, inasmuch as they afforded opportunities for sprees. When a couple were married, the company would meet and elect officers; then, late at night, they would surround the house, and with one accord would begin to make all the noise they could, by yelling, and beating drums, kettles, old tin-pans, and whatever else would make a noise. This noise would be continued until the bridegroom would make his appearance and give them money to buy liquor.

At one time one of Phil.'s associates was married, and the boys determined to bell him. Silently the company surrounded the dwelling, and the signal was given to begin. With that they set up a terrible noise; horns blowing, bells ringing, drums beating, and boys hallooing. By and by the noise ceased, but no sign of movement in the house. The leaders became angry, and declared they would bring him out if they pulled the house down. They took a gun, and after loading it with powder, raised the window and shot inside.

The bridegroom, while trying to put the window down, saw the flash, smelled the powder, heard the report, and supposed that it was a real charge fired at him. He imagined that he was hit, and cried out, "I'm shot! I'm shot!" "Yes, replied the leader of the band," and we are not done with you yet, unless you make your appearance immediately." He then came out and gave some money to the boys, who repaired to a saloon, called up the saloon-keeper, and began drinking. The rest of the night was spent in drinking the "distilled damnation," by which demons are made from the hearts of men."

"Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die."
—Ezek. xxxiii., 11.

CHAPTER X.

I BELIEVE IN HELL.

Phil. was blessed in boyhood with a strong, rugged constitution, but his desperate efforts to run away from God had well nigh ruined soul and body. The terrible nicotine poison infused into his blood by the constant use of tobacco, and the consuming fires of the deadly alcohol, together with exposure, were accomplishing their work.

Some nights were spent in the dance hall, with the brain wild with excitement and drink; some in the saloon, pouring down liquor until he could contain no more; and some by the roadside, and

IN THE SNOW-DRIFTS,

intoxicated. No wonder that at last nature gave way, and a fever, caused by his excesses, brought him near death's door. But even in his sickness he was hardened and careless. When asked in regard to his soul's interest, and urged to prepare for eternity, he would answer, "I believe in hell, and we are all going there." Justice said, "Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground?" but Mercy pleaded, "Spare him another year." God heard the voice of Mercy, and he began to recover.

"But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped."—Psalm lxxiii., 2.

CHAPTER XI.

A CHRISTMAS REVEL.

For some time after getting up from this sick bed, Phil. refrained from drinking as deeply as before, and, as he had often done, made vows to do better, only to break them. Before he had regained his strength fully, his old comrades came and invited him to go with them to a dance. This was on Christmas Eve. When they passed through Waterloo they filled their bottles with whisky, drinking quite freely besides. By the time they arrived at the dance they were very merry. They continued to drink until they acted so badly that the girls would not dance with them. They then went outside and got up a sham fight, with the intention of having a row. Failing in this, they went back and carried on till near daylight, when they started



back to Waterloo. At the Central House saloon the drinking continued. They then crossed the river, and went into a saloon near the Illinois Central depot, one of the lowest dens in the city. The bar-keeper was just setting out his array of choice

Christmas liquors. Phil. called everybody in the saloon to the bar, and when they had all drank he threw down a few buttons, saying, "There's your pay." This made the bar-tender mad, and he began to threaten. Whereupon Phil. began to pour forth a volume of terrible curses at him, declaring, as he always did when drunk, that he was Jesus, and that he would pay him for his whisky. They then tumbled into the sleigh, and started for home. Phil.'s best friend, Mc., lay in the bottom of the sleigh, unable to help himself. Although when sober really attached to Mc., yet now, crazed by liquor, Phil. thrust his boot-heels into his face with all his might, and had he been possessed of sufficient strength would have killed him where he lay. The driver had not drank as much as the rest, and when he was just in the edge of town he determined to go back and "sober the boys off." Phil. would not go back, but got out of the sleigh and started for home. That was the last he remembered. He staggered into a snow-drift and wallowed around for a long time. When at last he got started for home, his clothes were torn and filled with snow, and just merely hanging on him; frost and ice in his hair; his tongue swollen and lolling out of his mouth, and he swaying from side to side of the road, tumbling down, and then staggering forward again.

It was near noon of Christmas, and the road was lined with sleigh-load after sleigh-load of those who knew him, and now witnessed his shame. What a sight! A boy of sixteen staggering home after a night of debauchery, covered with snow, half-naked, and with the senseless leer of the inebriate on his face. It was enough to make Sin blush and retire to his native den. When he reached home he walked up to the stove, held out his hands as though to warm them, and fell forward. He was caught by his sister and placed on the lounge, where his consciousness returned. This awful night of drunkenness nearly resulted fatally. The disease returned, and for some time he hovered between life and death. But at last he recovered, broken in health, weakened in mind; indeed but a mere wreck of his former self.

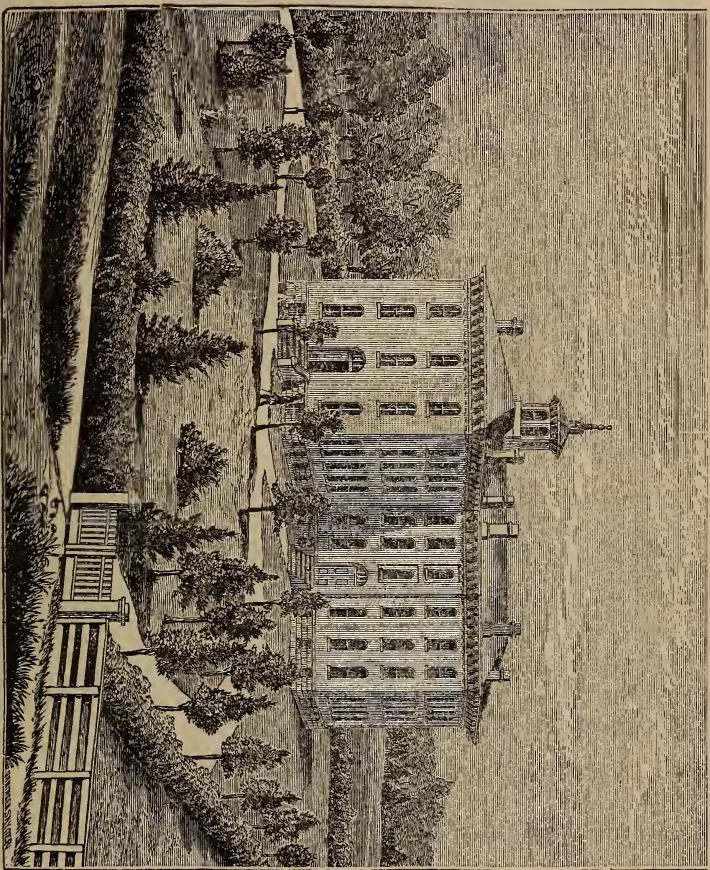
His parents were almost heart-broken, as before this they had not known how terribly he had fallen. They made up their minds that he must be farther away from his old comrades, and determined that he should go to school.

CHILI SEMINARY

was the place chosen, and in the spring of 1875 Phil. bade adieu to his old comrades and his old haunts, and started for that place of learning.

“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.”—Prov. xx., 1.





Chili Seminary, North Chili, New York.

CHAPTER XII.

CHILI SEMINARY.

Chili Seminary is located at North Chili, Monroe Co., New York, ten miles west of Rochester, on the Buffalo division of the New York Central R. R.

It is in the midst of a beautiful, healthful and fertile country. It was founded by the Rev. B. T. Roberts, A. M., senior Superintendent of the Free Methodist Church.

The object of this enterprise was to provide a place where "Bible salvation" should be taught in connection with scientific pursuits. As Rev. E. Owen said in a sermon to the students, "The need of the world is

EDUCATION ON FIRE,

and the object of this school is to set *science* on fire with *salvation*: a layer of salvation and then a layer of education."

The modern systems of education divorce learning and piety, and *feast* the intellect while they *starve* the soul. Without grace as ballast, "knowledge puffeth up." The more a rogue knows the better is he fitted to commit evil and escape detection. Ruloff, the burglar, hanged at Binghampton for murder, was an educated man, and the inventor of a system of communication, but his learning only made him more expert in crime. Hence the necessity of grace connected with knowledge; for at the best, "Science is but the handmaid of religion," and we must keep her in her place.

Bro. Roberts, who had for years been contending against the tide of worldliness which had flooded the churches, saw that the root of the evil was in the early training. Hence the tears, prayers, burdens and self-denial which resulted in our, at present, flourishing seminary.

The school was first started in a hotel building, purchased for that purpose. Then, as a preliminary step toward a permanent building, Bro. R. purchased a large farm, incurring a heavy debt, which he carried for years. On this farm young men are given work, who would otherwise be shut off from the privileges of school. The first building was built of brick burned on the farm. It is 60x40 ft., three stories above the basement. The kitchen, dining-room and four sleeping rooms occupy the basement. On the second floor is the large chapel; the third floor contains three study rooms, also the principal's and preceptress' rooms; while dormitories for gentlemen and ladies fill up the fourth story. Another building of the same size has since been added.

The educational privileges are the same as of any other school of like grade, but the streams of salvation flow continually. There is generally a revival every term, and often the revival sweeps the entire body of boarders. Sabbath morning and evening are spent at the Free Methodist church in the vicinity. An enjoyable Bible class is held at 4 p. m., Sabbath day. Friday evening there is a regular preaching service. But that which old students remember as their "Bethel" was

THE TUESDAY NIGHT CLASS.

This class took different phases. Sometimes it was a mourners' meeting, as sinners cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" or the sharp two-edged sword laid open the native deformity of our souls, and we plead, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." At other times it was a "hallelujah meeting." Then would we see the shining faces, "the slain of the Lord," lame men "leaping as harts," the multitude crying, "Hosannah, hosannah!" "while all the armies of the sky conspired to raise the sound." Besides these, the students have a noon prayer meeting, well kept up.

If you want your children to have good, religious instruction, Chili Seminary, and our other schools, located at Spring Arbor, Michigan, and Evansville, Wisconsin, will satisfy your wants.

This type of training has accomplished already untold good.

Young men and women who have wonderfully blessed the world, have here been trained and gone forth to victory. Prof. A. H. Stillwell, principal of Chili Seminary, Prof. D. S. Warner, of Spring Arbor Seminary, and Prof. J. E. Coleman, are graduates of Chili Seminary. Besides these, Chili Seminary has workers in many of our conferences. In the Susquehanna Conference, C. W. Stevens and W. H. Clark are battling for the Lord, while Orlo Moore, of blessed memory, has "fought the good fight" and entered "into rest." Orlo was much loved at the Seminary. He introduced among us "The Old Israelites knew what it was they must do," etc. How often I have heard him sing,

"The grave is near
The cradle scene;
How swift the moments fly between,
And whisper as they go,
Vain man, alas!
Remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die."

But he sings no more of death. W. F. Requa, John R. Chesbro and H. G. Smith are members of Genessee Conference, while Wm. Cantine "died bravely at his post." New York Conference enrolls G. Eakens; Ohio, N. R. Woods and C. B. Schaeffer; Kansas, W. W. Hulet; Iowa, Vivian A. Dake. Phil. C. Hanna labors at large, at present, in Burlington.

Thus have we traced briefly the origin and success of this Seminary. As long as salvation in simplicity and purity holds the first place, so long shall Chili Seminary be a "Prairie in the Earth," and when souls cease to be saved within its sacred walls, then let them crumble down—*its mission is ended*.

"*Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.*"—Isaiah xxvi., 1.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE JOURNEY TO YORK STATE.

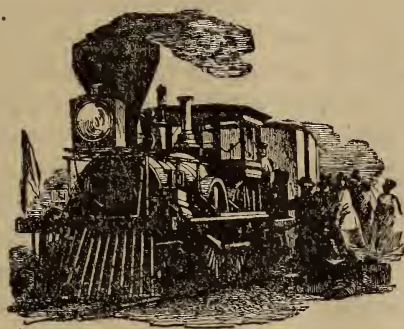
It being decided that Phil. should go to Chili, preparations were soon made, and bidding farewell to the home of his youth, he started on his journey. When he reached Chicago, as there were many things strange to a prairie boy, he concluded to spend a day in sight-seeing. So when an expressman asked him to take a ride over the city, he gave his consent, and was soon looking at the tunnels, water-works, and other points of interest. After returning from his trip, the expressman endeavored to make him pay an exorbitant price for his ride. Phil. refused. The expressman threatened to call a police. "Call one," said Phil., "and I will call another." He then called a number of expressmen to him, who tried to frighten Phil., but he was not so easily scared. Finally, seeing that he could not extort money, he accepted a reasonable compensation and left.

That night Phil. took the cars for the East, and after a long ride through Canada, saw for the first time the foaming waters of old Niagara. A ride of a few hours along the banks of the Erie Canal, through a beautiful and fertile country, brought him to Rochester; then back ten miles along the Buffalo division of the N. Y. C. R. R., and he was in sight of the Seminary.

Strangers were always kindly received at the Seminary, and Phil. soon felt at home. But few knew anything of his past life, and although so wicked before, yet for a time he presented a very good outward appearance. But as there was no power to keep his good resolve in force, gradually he fell into his old ways. He began by drinking on the sly, but soon he grew so reckless that it became known to some. His parents had sent him to Chili as a last effort for his salvation, so that his evils

were borne with for a time by the faculty, while increasing prayer was offered up to God.

"Ask and it shall be given you."—Matt. vii., 7.



CHAPTER XIV.

PRAY, YOU METHODIST JEW, PRAY.

At the Seminary, Phil. roomed with S——, the son of a converted prize-fighter, and Morris Leon, a converted Jew. Often, after drinking, Phil. and S—— would torment the Jew. They tried his patience greatly, but to his credit, be it said, he always manifested the spirit of Christ.

On one occasion they determined to have a meeting. They questioned the Jew concerning his experience, and afterwards told him that they were serving the Lord, and that he was blessing them. They then proposed to close the meeting with prayer, and called upon Morris to lead in prayer. Under the circumstances, he thought it would be but mockery, and stated that he did not have a spirit of prayer. "Now, Jew," said Phil. "you must pray. We will have no formal, back-slidden Jew Methodist around us, will we, Sam? So you have got to pray. We will stir you up to duty." But as the Jew still refused, Phil. and Sam. took hold of him and tried to make him kneel. Not being able to do this, they threw him at full length, and having turned his face to the floor, Phil. sat upon his back, and pushing his head down, cried out, "Now pray, Jew, pray." This was too much for the poor Jew, and he began to pray with all his might. Still he did not satisfy his tormenters, so Phil. stopped him, saying, "Quit praying that way, and pray as I tell you." The Jew stopped, and repeated a prayer as dictated to him. The boys then declared him to be a dead formalist and without the Spirit of God, and prayed long and loud that God would have mercy upon the Jew and save him from formality. These prayer meetings were often repeated, and still in the midst of such heaven-defying scorn this "chief of sinners" was spared.

Surely, O Lord, thy ways are past finding out. Although Phil. treated Morris so shamefully, the Jew loved his soul, and would pray for him earnestly in secret. He made Phil. his confidant, and would tell him all his troubles. He thought very much about preaching, and was waiting with patience for his call. He laid this matter before Phil., who seeing it a grand opportunity for sport, declared within himself that he would see if it was not possible to have him called to this work. So one day Phil. said to Morris, "Do you know that I am in the habit of having visions?" "No," he replied. "Well, I am," said Phil., "and I feel just as though I was going to have one in regard to your preaching."

It was late at night when this conversation took place. Shortly afterward, pretending to be asleep, Phil. heard the Jew groaning. He knew then he was awake, and thought it the best time to have his vision. He began to make a noise to attract the Jew's attention. This done, the vision commenced. Phil. talked it out. The substance was that the Jew must go forth and preach the gospel. In the morning Phil. told him that he was to preach, and would be a mighty man. All this Morris believed, and the mischief done by the make-believe vision was hard to undo in after days.

The last stage in sin,

THE SCORNERS' SEAT,

Phil. now fully occupied. But in spite of "ungodly counsel," the company of sinners, and the wrath-provoking ribaldry of the "scorners' seat," God never ceased to thunder in his ear,

"Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."—1 Cor. ix., 16.

CHAPTER XV.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

Phil. had again commenced to drink very hard. His former profligate life had left him almost a wreck, and he could not endure the terrible strain upon his mind and body much longer. His health began to fail, until he was obliged to stop his studies and begin a course of medical treatment. During his illness he remained at the Seminary as a boarder, and went to Rochester for treatment. Here he had a good opportunity to get liquor. His sickness was simply the effect of the liquor, which was eating away at his stomach, instead of any real disease. If he thought that any one detected the scent of liquor on his breath, he would say, "I wish that doctor would not give me any more medicine with liquor in it, because the people will think I have been drinking."

The faculty, although they knew somewhat of his wickedness, bore with him, greatly desiring to see him saved. While sick they granted him especial privileges, and he was permitted to go and come as he pleased. The doctor recommended out-door exercise, and of this he was glad, for it gave him a chance to be alone. Often he would go out at night and be gone until midnight.

One night, after having been on a spree, he returned to his room and climbed in at the basement window. As soon as he was in he began to stagger, and his Jew room-mate said, "Hanna, you are drunk." "No, I am not Mose," he replied, "but I've been down to Bro. C.'s, and they gave me some mineral water, which has made me sick." At this he staggered over toward the bed, saying, "Mose, pray for me." The Jew laughed, supposing that Phil. was in sport, as usual, and refused. "Ah!"

said Phil., "you and I will be at the judgment soon, and when God asks me why I was not converted on earth, I will answer, "Lord, I made up my mind to be saved, and asked that Methodist Jew, Morris Leon, to pray for me, but he wouldn't do it, and put me off, and said I was drunk. Ah! Leon, you will be to blame." This had the desired effect; he immediately arose and began to pray for him in earnest, asking the Lord to convert Hanna's soul. After Morris had finished praying, Phil. began to pray for him in regard to preaching, but never mentioned his own case.

Phil. now became so crazy that he knew nothing which afterward occurred. Morris said he prayed like this: "O Lord, I'll forgive thee. I know that thou hast done wrong, but I'll forgive thee." He then fell prostrate, and began to grunt pitifully. He was very sick. The cold sweat stood upon his brow, his body grew cold, and Morris thought that he was dying. He did not want to call help, because Phil. was very sensitive, and he feared that should his condition become generally known he would never reform, but would plunge into hopeless ruin. All night he worked with him, rubbing and chafing him hour after hour, to keep the spark of life within him. About daylight he began to come to himself, and an hour later he could speak. While the boarders were at breakfast, Morris helped him out of the window, and assisted him to the graveyard, a few rods distant. This was an awful night for Phil., followed by a very sick day. Narrowly had he again escaped the boiling waves of hell. Morris carefully waited on him, caring for him with the tenderness of a mother. Phil. was wonderfully touched by the kindness of the Jew whom, in times past, he had so grievously tormented, and after this he was always a true friend to Morris Leon, the Methodist Jew. As Phil. lay in the

GRAVEYARD,

he felt sad at heart, and, with tears in his eyes, wished that he could reform. But as he had made resolutions so many times before, and found himself unable to keep them, he concluded that

there was no use of trying. Still the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother had not yet forsaken him, for "Stronger his love than earth or hell." Oh, young man, unable to check yourself in your rush ruinward, "look to Jesus."

"Jesus will rescue you,
Jesus will save."

"*When I said my foot slippeth, thy mercy, oh God, held me up.*"—Psalm xciv., 18.



CHAPTER XVI.

NARROW ESCAPES CONTINUED.

Sin runs us into many dangers, but never aids us in getting out.

It was Saturday afternoon. Phil. had made the discovery that there was no whisky for the Sunday spree; so he boarded a freight train for Rochester, determined to lay in a supply. When he reached the city, he found a number of his old friends, and they immediately "joined hands" for a good time. Late in the day, staggering under the influence of liquor, they took the train for home.

As the train drew into the station, Phil. began to think that he was too drunk there where everybody knew him, so he and two or three others concluded to go on to the next station, where a hotel keeper, whom some of the boys knew, had lately been married, and was treating his friends with drinks.

When they got off the train, they made their way to the bar-room, where they were met by the newly-married landlord, who bade them drink heartily. They swilled down the liquor, and again staggered back to the depot to take the return train for Chili.

It was dark and stormy when the train stopped at C. Phil. got off on the side away from the depot, and started up the left hand track, when a fast west-bound freight train

KNOCKED HIM FROM THE TRACK,

and he fell headlong between the two trains. He got up and began to curse the train and all connected in a terrible manner.

Two of the boys were waiting for him with horse and buggy, expecting that he would come home drunk. When they got to

the Seminary, he called his friends, but would not give them a drop until they went with him through total darkness into the fourth story of the new building. Here they emptied the bottle. When they were ready to descend, Phil. had lost all knowledge of what was going on. The other boys had about all they could do to take care of themselves. Yet, down four flights of perpendicular, rickety ladders, with many of the cleats gone—over bare timbers with no floors—all enveloped in dense darkness, and their heads crazed with liquor—they made their way. It was a miracle that they were not dashed in pieces.

A few days after, in a drunken row, he was shot at twice, but escaped.

"For thou hast delivered my soul from death."—Psalm. lvi., 13.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNDERGROUND MEETINGS.

The moral restraint was more than ordinarily strong over those who boarded in the Seminary. The pupils were ruled by kindness. Although many wild young people attended, yet under the religious influences that were constantly thrown around them, the majority became

GODLY MEN AND WOMEN,

while others were bettered in their habits of life, and righted up in their ideas of salvation. In this, as in all similar institutions, there were a few who resisted these Christian influences, and secretly followed their evil ways. Phil. and the young men of this class greatly desired to find a place where they could spend the evenings in drinking, smoking, playing cards, etc., and escape the watchful eyes of their teachers and fellow students. They were unexpectedly gratified when Phil. and his chum announced that they had found a "tip-top cage." Near the Seminary was a long, deep cistern, which had been finished, but no water had been let in. The thought came to them that the cistern would be a splendid place to meet and have their fun.

The thought pleased them all, so they made a ladder to descend upon, and this became their "headquarters." They went down on their ladder and drew it after them. They had a can of cider and each one his bottle of "old rye." They took their pipes, tobacco and cigars; also a deck of cards. It was easy work to get down into their cage, but not so easy to get up when their whisky had reached their heads. It would take a great deal of tugging and struggling, and sometimes a "slip down," before they would all get out. They would then steal quietly up stairs to their rooms.

Sometimes they would have other difficulties to surmount, for the other boys were trying to catch them in their "midnight larks." Late one night they came to the hall door and tried to put in their key, but some one had put another key in the lock, and it was almost impossible to get it out. Quietly they worked away until the door was unlocked; but as they tried gently to open the door, they found two study tables standing on their ends, one above the other, right in the doorway, and it was the merest accident that the boys escaped throwing them over and making a terrible racket. The bell-cord also was tied to the leg of one of these tables, and had it fallen it would have rung the bell and awakened all in the Seminary. This danger escaped, they started for the stairway. All along the three flights of stairs there were chairs, coal-scuttles, water-buckets, etc., so placed that should one fall, all would fall. Scenting this new snare, they climbed the bannisters and retired to their rooms without detection.

"Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."—John iii., 19.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REBELLION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

There has been perhaps no institution of learning but that, at times, has had trouble with rebellious students. Chili Seminary was not exempt from this experience.

At one time the students had been given a holiday, and closely following it came the "general election day," a legal holiday. As the scholars had *had* a holiday, the faculty decided that they would have their regular session on election day. A few of the students wrote a petition, and got all to sign it, and presented it to the president, who vetoed it. This provoked the boys, and they circulated the report that the petition was granted. When the bell rang calling the school into the chapel for devotional exercises, no one but the teachers made their appearance. A messenger was sent demanding their attendance, and most of the scholars went; but Phil. and a few others were sent for several times. Finally they concluded to go. As they entered the chapel they heard one of the teachers announce a half holiday to all who had obeyed promptly, but that those who had refused should remain the afternoon also. This enraged Phil. and his companions. They went into the school-room in the afternoon, and when requested to say that they were sorry, Phil. and one who had hitherto been a *moral boy*, refused.

As soon as they were at liberty, Phil. said to his friend, "Come with me," and they started off for a spree.

This was the beginning of a wicked life for that young man. From this he went downward, drinking harder and harder, plunging into sin, until he well nigh lost his self respect. The rebellion was of short duration, but the consequences are lasting as

eternity. This young man, thus influenced to a life of sin, has been long away from the Lord, and

MAY NEVER BE SAVED.

How important that our influence should *tell for God and the right*, when "such vast concerns depend upon a moment's space." The influence of a word, an action, and even a look, often turns the scale for an immortal soul *downward forever*.

And not only the wrong things done, but the right things undone, or done carelessly or indifferently, put a stumbling-block in the way of sinners.

A minister once asked an actor, "How is it that you, speaking fiction, move the people so much more than I, speaking truth?" "I can tell you, sir," answered the actor; "I speak fiction as though it were truth, while you speak truth as though it were fiction."

By avoiding wrong, by doing right, and by doing *that right* with all our energy, in this way only can we face our *influence at the judgment*.

"*For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry.*"—1 Sam. xv., 23.

CHAPTER XIX.

PLAYING CRAZY.

At times it would seem as though Phil. was possessed of evil spirits, so wild would he look and act.

One evening, between bells, he began to "play crazy." He met a young man in the hall, and said to him, "Dick, did you see the Apostle Paul?" "The Apostle Paul!" replied Dick; "what do you mean?" "Yes, I saw Paul, and Silas was with him," said Phil. "They just now slid down the banisters. They asked me if I'd preach." Dick was greatly surprised, and noticing that Phil. had a wild look on his face, he began to report that he was "out of his head" and acting strangely. Phil. again called out, "There he goes—there goes Paul," and started down stairs as hard as he could go, as though he would catch Paul. Dick followed hard after him. He ran to a large cistern, filled with water, and uncovering it, put his head in, as though he intended to jump in. Dick caught hold of him, and pulled him away from the cistern. By this time a number of young men had assembled, and Phil. pretended to catch another glimpse of Paul. So off he started, running with all his might, flapping his arms like a pair of wings. Nearly all the young men joined in the pursuit, and endeavored to catch Phil., who was making for the graveyard. He climbed upon the fence and cried with a loud voice, "Paul, Paul, I command thee to come forth and preach the gospel." Finally they caught him, and four of them started with him toward the Seminary. His eyes glared, and the features of his face were distorted. They all supposed he had gone crazy, and were greatly excited. Those who had hold of him started up stairs, intending to take him to his room. Some who were looking on, declared that *four men*

could not hold him. When they reached his room, in the fourth story, they let go their hold, and Phil. made a dash for the open window. The boys caught him again, while some one shouted, "Shut the window!" They then got him upon a bed, and held him while some one went for the president. He came, and kneeling down, prayed that the enemy's power might be broken. He soon became better, to all appearances. For a long time no one knew that he had played crazy, but thought that he had really been out of his head.

"But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived."—2 Tim. iii., 13.



CHAPTER XX.

SETTLING UP WITH THE DEVIL.

It will perhaps appear strange to some why Phil. was permitted to remain at the Seminary while committing such gross crimes against the established rules as those we have related. Of some of these actions, Bro. R. and the faculty were ignorant: but they well knew how desperately Phil. was struggling to *escape the cross*, and that his salvation depended on his being kept under godly influence until he should yield. To this long-suffering, coupled with importunate prayer, he owes his "escape from bondage." He was often reproved, and finally was put on trial. Still he did no better, and was sent to the president. Before going, however, he had one of the boys draw the Masonic sign of distress upon his shirt-bosom, with these words printed above: "Mein Gott, mein Gott, ish der no help for die vidow's son?" When he made his appearance, Bro. R. severely reprimanded him, asking him if that was the way he was trying to do better. But he only replied, "I guess when a fellow is in trouble, he has a right to use all legitimate means to get out." Bro. R. then sent him down stairs, telling him that he would see him again, and advising him "to go to meeting and get religion."

The school year was now drawing to a close, and he had concluded to spend the summer vacation with a fellow student in the western part of the state. For the first time in a number of years, he stopped to candidly consider his wicked life and the sinful influence which he had been exerting. He thought, "If I spend the summer with my friend, he will grow worse; my influence has left its mark on too many now;

I OUGHT TO BE A CHRISTIAN;

I am a hardened wretch; my convictions have all been squan-

dered, and I shall soon be in the grave." Thus he meditated as he stood in the empty chapel, *on this, the last Sabbath of the school year*. Without any particular feeling, he then and there settled the matter. He counted the cost very carefully. He knew what he would have to do, and he resolved to do it. While the students were at supper, he went into the kitchen, took out his memorandum book, and saying, "There is no back out with me now," wrote in the book as follows:

"JUNE 13, 1875, 5:30 P. M.—*I'll get religion to-night, so help me God, and all hell can't stop me.* PHIL. C. HANNA."

He then tore out the leaf, and carried it the rest of the day. No one knew what he held in his hand. "If I go back on this," thought he, "there is not the first principle of a man about me. I'll stand by this." All through that day Phil. was more wicked and reckless than usual. He was awfully profane. When asked why he did so, he replied "*that he was settling his accounts with the Devil, and that he was going to dissolve partnership with him.*" Every little while he would declare, with an oath, to the boys, that he was "going to get religion" that night; but Phil. had talked so sacrilegiously to them before, that none of them would believe him. Still he continued to swear that he was "going to make a start." While swearing that he would get religion, some of the Christian boys would say, "Phil., don't be so reckless; have some respect for yourself and us." They did not know the awful tumult that was going on in his soul while he was saying to the world, evil companions and evil habits, a final farewell. Neither did they know of that note which he held in his *clenched hand*.

"*I will walk at liberty.*"—Psalm cxix., 45.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONVERTED.

The hour for meeting soon came, and it was held this evening in the dining-room. There were persons there from many parts of the country, who had come to attend the examination and commencement exercises, which were to take place that week. As many of the students would take a final leave of the institution, the president preached a parting sermon. Phil. had no thoughts for the sermon; his mind was taken up with the note which he grasped more firmly in his hand. As he sat there, he thought, "All the little spark of honor that remains in me is at stake."

The president had finished his sermon, and was about to take his seat, when Phil. arose in the congregation and said, "I am fully satisfied that there is nothing in this world but vanity. I want religion; I want you to pray for me." The pupils and teachers were surprised, and as they sat there, the question could be read in their faces, "Does Hanna want religion?" Phil. afterward said, "I had so little feeling that I felt like laughing to see how surprised they all looked." But there was no time for delay. As they knelt in prayer, Phil. thought, "What! is this Phil. Hanna who is kneeling to pray?" He had so little concern about his soul that it seemed like mockery to ask God to forgive him. Yet he began to pray, "O, Lord, I've been terribly wicked, and I am not a bit sorry. Give me real conviction and make me sorry for my sins." He had prayed this way but a short time, when conviction and *heart-sorrow* came, and it seemed to him that he was the blackest sinner that ever lived. All his lifetime of rebellion passed before him, and with all the earnestness of his soul he cried to God to have mercy

upon him and forgive him. He kept yielding point after point, and promising that he would forsake his sins, make his wrongs right, and live wholly for God. He had been praying for some time, when he came to a place where he could pray no more. Some one said, "Now believe; have faith, and it will be all right." But Bro. R., who knelt beside him, asked, loud enough to be heard by all in the room,

"WILL YOU PREACH THE GOSPEL?"

Here was the very stumbling stone that had turned him from God all these years, and had almost made of him a moral, mental and physical wreck. Should he stumble over it now, when he was so near "the outstretched Arm?" "No," thought he, "I mean to be saved, and conditions are out of the question;" and replied: "Yes, yes!" and that very moment



PARDON

was written on his heart. He got on his feet, and began to earnestly warn sinners to "flee the wrath to come." He warned them by his life of folly, his broken-down health, "to taste and

see that the Lord is good." Well do I remember that glorious hour when this boy, for whom we all had been so long praying, was saved.

In my journal for Sabbath, June 13, 1875, I find the following: "Philip Hanna, for whom we have been praying a long time, arose and said *that he wanted religion*. The groans came on him, and for about a half hour he cried and wrestled with the Lord, until at last deliverance came. Then was there rejoicing in heaven and on earth." For no one had more prayers been offered up than for Phil., and yet it was a "glorious surprise" when we realized that Christ had again conquered.

"*Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*"—John iii., 3.

CHAPTER XXII.

A GREAT SALVATION!

“Saved at last! The cruel power of the Devil broken! A new creation in Christ Jesus!” These were among the thoughts that crowded into Phil.’s mind as he arose on Monday morning ‘to really begin to live.’ The wasted past! No gleams of light shot out from its blackness of darkness! It’s pages bore no record, save of *sin, sin!* He stood on the threshold of his new life. The ghosts of eighteen murdered years stretched out their hands threateningly, but it only served to double the heaven-given determination “to run with patience the race set before him.”

And now, before we follow him in this, let us look back and see what God had saved him from, and the verdict of every honest soul will surely be, “This is a *great salvation.*” The power of the demon Drink was broken. We have seen how he was led captive; but a captive no longer, he preferred “the pure river of the water of life” to the strained filth from the reeking still. The appetite for

TOBACCO

was gone. The use of this weed God showed him was wrong, and “he cleansed himself from all filthiness of the *flesh* and spirit.”

Any one who thinks he can use tobacco and obey God, let him test the matter by two passages of the Word: “Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.” Now, friend, take your tobacco and pipe, go into your secret place, get down upon your knees, and say, “O God, here I take a good smoke or chew to thy glory.” Can you?

The other passage is, “Give an account of thy stewardship.”

Consider yourself at the "judgment throne," rendering an account of your stewardship to the "Judge of quick and dead." Among the items, for which you used the "God-given means," you read: "Smoking tobacco, 10c.; chewing tobacco, \$1.50; 1 pipe, 25c.; 1 tobacco box, 50c." Think you the confidence would fill your soul and beam in your open gaze on the Judge, as it would could you read: "For flour to the *widow*, \$2.35. '

"GOD LET LIGHT ON US."

He had no thought for that horrid blasphemy which won for him the title of "Doctor of Profanity," "but the fruit of his lips" was "Praise unto God." He was no longer deceived or deceiving. Even the thoughtless jesting was checked, for God had declared, "Neither filthiness, foolish talking, or jesting." He needed no one to tell him to lay aside "gold and costly apparel." He threw aside these hindrances to running for life, and sung:

"I've no thirsting for earth's pleasure
Nor adornings rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away."

Old things had passed away. The world lost its charms, and began to recede in the distance, while the glories of the approaching "Beulah land" caused him

"To leap for joy,
Pursue his way,
And like a bounding hart fly home."

Was not this a great salvation?

"Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you."

—2 Cor. vi., 17.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GREAT SALVATION CONTINUED.

Rev. B. T. Roberts relates that when he was holding meetings in Brockport, N. Y., a merchant came to him and said, "Mr. Roberts, yours is the strangest meeting I ever saw. Why, sir, people whom I supposed to be trusty and honest have been confessing to me that they have stolen goods out of my store, and desiring to pay for them."

It is not enough that we should do no wrong, but the wrongs already done must be straightened to the "uttermost farthing." This truth Phil. realized. He made out a list of every wrong which he could call to mind, and as fast as they were settled he would check them off the list. When he had no chance to see the wronged person, he confessed and restored by letter. He often said, "*God sent me clear back to the turkey-roosts of my boyhood.*" The popular song,

"Nothing either great or small
Remains for me to do,"

he found was not his experience, for Jesus left it for him to pay for the stolen turkeys. The new leaf was to be turned, but first God held him—and will you, dear reader—to settle up the account on the old leaf.

"*Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.*"—Luke xix., 8.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A NIGHT OF FEARFUL CONFLICT.

Thieves never follow beggars, but those only who have money. So it is with the *enemy*. The richer the deposits of grace in one's soul, the more determined the effort of Satan to rob him of that grace.

"Oh, what a night that was," says Phil., "which found me in earnest prayer at midnight, on Mount Hope, in the suburbs of Rochester. The enemy came in like a flood, and sought to destroy me. I stood on the high, rocky banks of the Genesee River, and looked down on its waters, more than one hundred feet below. Even while I prayed, Satan seemed to say, as he did to Jesus, 'Cast thyself down' and end your conflicts and trials. But God kept me. Daylight found me passing down Lake Avenue, toward the lower Genesee Falls. The saloons were just opening, and I could see, through the open doors, the sparkling liquors, and hear the clinking of the glasses. It seemed as though Satan kindled a stronger appetite for liquor than I had ever had before. He whispered, 'Drink; satisfy your thirst; no one will know it.' It seemed as though God had left me, but, praise his name, he had not. I stamped my foot hard on the pavement, and cried, '*No! No! I will not touch it! God help me!*' And he did. Glory to God!

"I reached the banks of the lower falls; I fell upon my knees, and cried unto God for deliverance from that awful appetite. He heard my cry. Really I was blessed. I looked around me, and heard the roaring of the falls, and saw the foaming waters beneath, but the appetite was all gone. Whether it had been cast over the falls, I know not, but one thing I do know, it has *never troubled me since*."

"*For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.*"—Heb. ii., 18.

CHAPTER XXV.

SANCTIFIED.

The journey from the land of Pardon to the glorious land of Rest from inbred sin, was not a long one for Phil. He believed that "the land of corn and wine and oil" was the proper place of abode for God's people. The doubts that fill the minds of many as to whether the Bible teaches entire holiness as a distinct blessing to be received subsequent to justification, instantaneously by faith, did not stumble him.

When saved, he rejoiced that his name was written in heaven. Experience revealed to him "the carnal mind, which is enmity to God." The Bible declared that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin; also that he "purifieth our hearts by faith."

Feeling the necessity in his experience, and seeing the remedy pointed out in the Word of God, entire consecration, coupled with faith, brought the blessing nigh. A short time after he was saved in the Seminary study-room, "the blood that speaketh better things than that of Abel" "washed away every spot and wrinkle, and every such thing."

His sins being pardoned, and the inward depravity cleansed away, he was now fully prepared to obey the commands of the Apostles:

"*Grow in Grace.*"—2 Peter iii., 18.

"*Be filled with the Spirit.*"—Eph. v., 18.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BIG TENT CAMPAIGNS.

The great secret of the success in Christian life at Chili Seminary was, that there was always something for each one to do. There were the regular duties in the prayer-room and class-room constantly recurring, the crusades, the revival meetings held in outside neighborhoods, etc., which fully occupied the spare time. To these were added out-door meetings, which were held at Churchville, Spencerport and Brockport, the neighboring towns, on Sabbath afternoons.

Still feeling the weight of immortal souls pressing heavily upon us, several of us undertook to purchase a large tent, to hold meetings in, from place to place, during our summer vacations. God wonderfully aided. The tent was purchased by faith, and while we held on to God the money flowed in. It was soon paid for.

The first summer, Bros. Mark Harrison, J. R. Chesbro, Phil. C. Hanna and Vivian A. Dake labored with the tent. We pitched at Churchville, Brockport, Baldwin's Corners and Albion, and God saved souls at every point. Often the Devil raised a hurricane of wrath above our heads, but the clouds always broke before it reached us.

The second summer Phil. carried on the the tent work, for the most part, alone. At

NIAGARA FALLS,

amid great opposition—even to his receiving blows, while policemen were badly beaten and shot, and nails were showered into the tent and at the preacher—a good class was raised up, and the awful slaying power of God overcame opposition, and turned the tide mightily against the bulwarks of sin. From there the tent was moved to Chambersburg, Penn., where the summer's campaign ended gloriously.

"The night cometh when no man can work."—John ix., 4.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM THE PIT TO THE PULPIT.

In the preceding pages we have endeavored to trace briefly and truthfully Phil.'s pit-life; his desperate attempt to stay amid its mire and foul vapors; the efforts made to rescue him by a merciful Saviour; and the glorious consummation of God's will concerning him.

As we have continually kept before your minds, the fear of the pulpit kept him in the pit, and he desperately forced him-



self lower and lower, hoping to hide from his unwilling gaze "the cross all stained with hallowed blood." But the point of controversy was yielded. He accepted Christ and the cross, and his old life of rebellion and misery "became as waters which have passed away." The first time that Phil. took a text was when the tent was pitched at Baldwin's Corners; it was, "Where art thou?"

The next Sabbath the members of a Presbyterian church in the vicinity invited him to fill the pulpit. On Monday morning they drove round to his stopping place and paid him five dollars for his services.

Since then he has been continually in the work, and has seen scores of souls converted to God. He labored, as we have seen, for some time in New York State, and then proceeded by steamer down Lake Erie, took the train at Detroit, and was soon at the old home. Since then he has been blowing the gospel trumpet over the prairies of Illinois and Iowa.

And now, reader, having seen Phil. lifted from the horrible pit to the walls of Zion, we will part, praying that if you commence this book a sinner you will end it a saint.

THE END.

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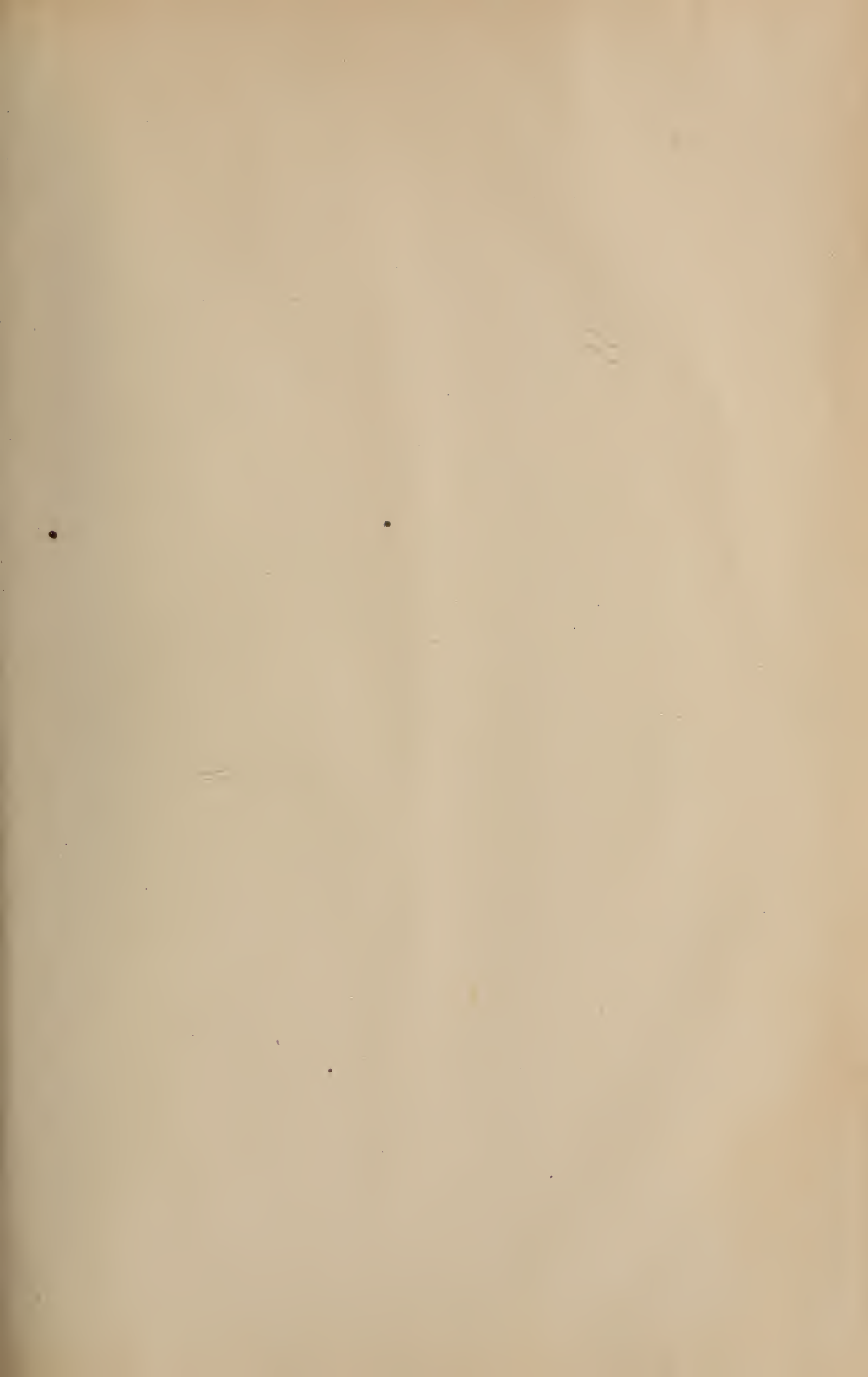
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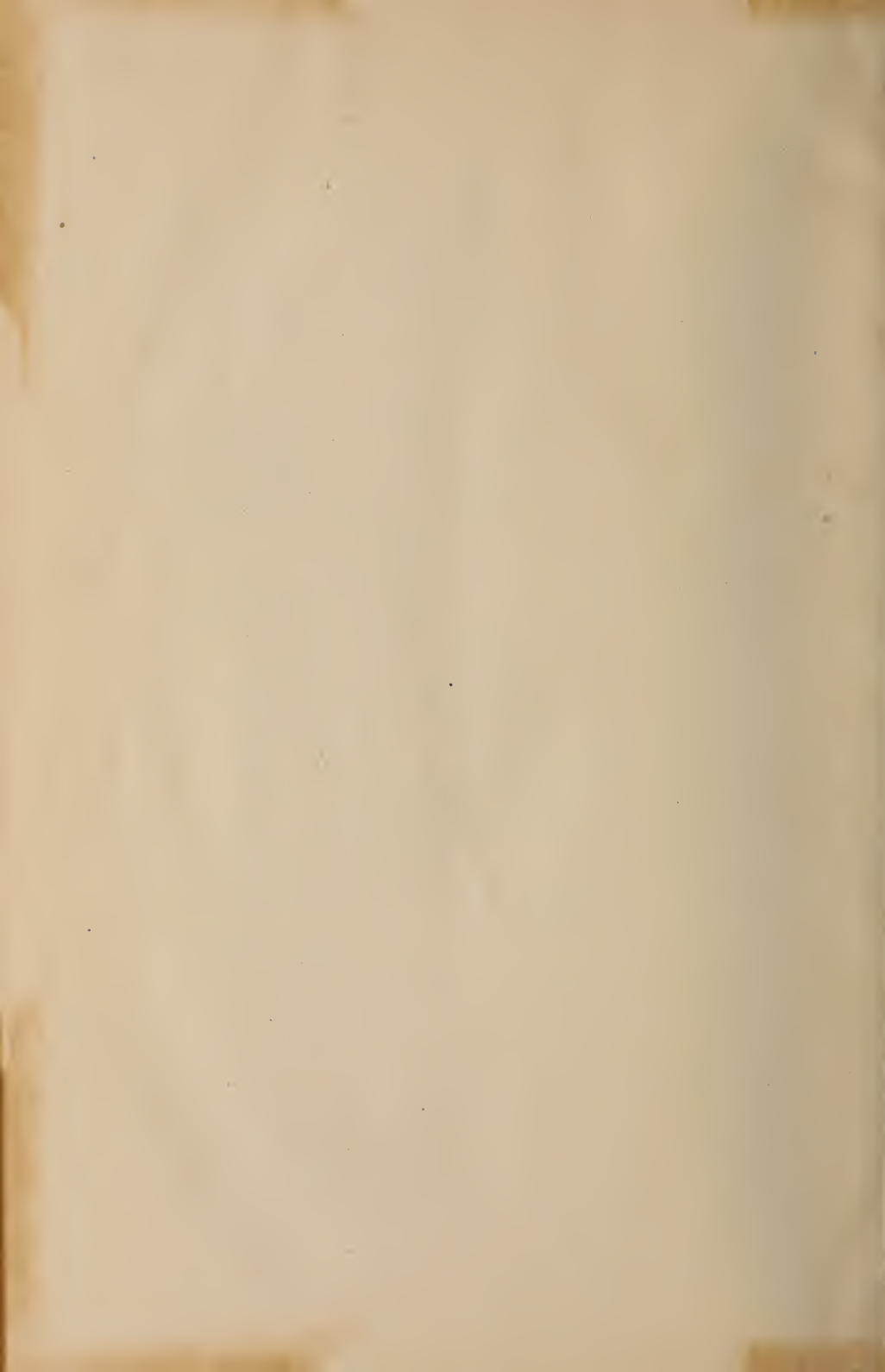
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